THE New Republic

Alsops' Fables For Our Time

Patrick O'Donovan

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The Last Years Of Our Greatness?

Khrushchev's Message to the 86th Congress

By HANS J. MORGENTHAU

Teachers in the McCarthy Era . . . . . *Donald Meyer*

Reviewing Passport Policy . . . . *Alexander M. Bickel*

A South African Christian . . . . . *Robert E. Fitch*

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Washington Wire

A Happy Pair

YULETIDE stars in these sorry days flash round the world once every 100 minutes. They do not sing in the heavens, they squeak. Their message is "beep-beep." They are man-made, not God-made. Yet it would be mean-spirited not to say they are a stirring sight—moving determinedly across the mysterious evening sky like a pencil of light. The Era they bring cannot be stayed. Man is a small thing, a kind of parasite infecting a rather nice minor planet. Yet let it be said, man has his moments too.

DESPITE a crushing election defeat Old Guard Republicans propose to present their party under the same old trademark, Dirksen & Bridges. Who are the two?

Curly-haired Sen. Everett Dirksen (Ill.), famed for his mellifluous voice ("The Wizard of Ooze," the press gallery calls him), came to the House in 1939, an ardent isolationist. He fought aid to Britain, lend-lease and conscription. History shows him wrong at every point. He shifted position somewhat after the War, and supported the European Recovery Program and Greek-Turkish aid (remaining a venomous critic of UNRRA).

Then Dirksen came to the Senate. Then he was a *Chicago Tribune* isolationist again. The Recovery Program was "operation rat-hole." At the 1952 GOP convention he was the man who made the passionate, face-to-face floor attack on Dewey in behalf of Taft—a performance seen by millions on TV.

With Eisenhower's election the malleable Dirksen switched again. Like a moored boat, he swings easily and unconsciously with the tide. Now he is an internationalist. He has supported Eisenhower foreign aid and tariff policies. And today he is the Old Guard's flexible candidate for floor leader.

Styles Bridges, the real boss of the conservatives, amiably says he might take on the leadership himself if Dirksen is voted down. Who is Bridges? An affable figure; he has served since 1937, longer than any other Senate Republican. Personally he is not unattractive, with a disarming grin and a rather ingratiating acceptance of his role as old-style, Silurian power-broker. He exercises his vast influence through two key positions—ranking minority member of the all-powerful Appropriations Committee and second-in-line on Armed Services.

Next only to Knowland, Bridges was a leader of the China Lobby. With McCarthy and Dirksen he led the attempts to block confirmation of Eisenhower's nominee, Charles Bohlen, as envoy to Soviet Russia. His strongest home supporter is McCarthy-phile William Loeb, publisher of the *Manchester Union-Leader,* New Hampshire's largest newspaper with a bizarre editorial page.

Bridges' Washington career has been shadowed more than once by scandal, but this has not seemed to injure him. Historians will find his mysterious operations, and his Senate colleagues' acceptance of them, fascinating reading. The late Henry ("The Dutchman") Grunewald, a well-known wiretap artist and fixer who liked to take up a smelly tax case at the point where reputable lawyers dropped it, was a curious teammate of Bridges in a sensational Baltimore liquor tax battle. Grunewald later went to jail rather than talk. (The unsavory Grunewald seemed somewhat closer to Bridges than Goldfine to Sherman Adams.) Again there was the odd discovery one bright Washington morning that Bridges was receiving $35,000 a year from John L. Lewis as trustee of the United Mine Workers' pension fund. (This cozy arrangement was a predecessor of ex-Sen. George Bender's current job for Jimmy Hoffa—but, of course, Bridges was a *real* Senator, not a has-been like Bender.) Did it injure Bridges?—Not at all! All perfectly innocent, he explained boyishly. He knew perfectly well that Congress will investigate anybody but itself.

The affable Bridges staunchly believes in free enterprise. In the interest of economy he once opposed an increase for cancer research. He fought TVA so hard that George Norris once fixed him with his finger as he called him "the one member outstanding in the United States Senate who does exactly what the Power Trust of America wants done!"

A happy pair, Bridges and Dirksen! As this is written some 14 GOP liberals under George Aiken (Vt.) say the decimated band of 34 Republican Senators need new leadership: that the Bridges-Dirksen leadership is trying to sell the public a product it won't buy, as the election showed. Whatever comes of it, the Aiken revolt is another refreshing evidence of deep new stirrings in the Capital.

Lend an Ear

IN 1739 BRITAIN and Spain went to war —the "War of Jenkins' Ear"—when a Spanish captain cut off that valuable member from the head of British mariner Robert Jenkins. Today's GOP battle is the "War of Eisenhower's Ear." The Aiken liberals want to be represented in the weekly Republican consultations at the White House with the sealed-off President. They are "Eisenhower Republicans," they say, and they want access to his ear—the ear which the conservatives have hitherto had alone. In happier days Eisenhower dreamed of forming a new party of Eisenhower Republicans; in his weary second term, however, he does not come to Aiken's aid.

We think there is a good chance that the new Congress will raise the federal gasoline tax another cent. It is something to consider buying a new car. If your need is the chrome prestige and comfort of a big car you can have them, though the cost of operation will noticeably advance. On the other hand a higher gasoline tax won't make much difference on a small imported car that gives 35 miles to the gallon.

An Administration security officer confided to us last week why tougher passport laws are needed. Some Americans go abroad, he explained passionately, and there attack the US. Dreadful! And so America must present the image of a jittery giant afraid of whispers behind its back. It is the Pasternak complex. The hesitant world aches to find in the US the symbol of strength and constancy (a country willing to welcome Mikoyan—or Khrushchev for that matter). It is the frightened little people who blur the image.

T.R.B.

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Mr. Walter Is Hungry

THE MOST CHEERLESS news of the Christmas week in Washington is that Rep. Francis Walter, chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee, has been silently moving to expand his legislative empire to include new territory—permanent jurisdiction over immigration and passport control. Moreover, he is within reach of getting away with it.

Congressman Walter exercises his power in this field in his capacity as chairman of the Immigration Subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee. The chairman of the full committee (and ranking member of the Immigration Subcommittee) is Rep. Emanuel Celler, a forthright man who has the merit of never confusing "alien" with "suspect." Chairman Celler, with a few liberal-minded allies, has been able to exert a certain measure of restraint on the Immigration Subcommittee, and occasionally, some positive pressure—in regard to both special refugee legislation and private bills for the relief of a few of the victims of the McCarran-Walter Act.

Now Mr. Walter, whose Un-American Activities Committee has more money than business, is pointing out to Speaker Rayburn and Majority Leader McCormack (to whose posts he has long aspired) that his seniority dates back to 1933 and still he does not head up a major committee. He is bluntly demanding that he be given a major chairmanship. Ordinarily this could only be accomplished by the defeat or retirement or death of an incumbent chairman of a committee of which Representative Walter is the ranking member—in this case the Judiciary Committee. But Chairman Celler persists in being among those present.

And so Mr. Walter has come up with a novel idea—enlarging the functions, prerogatives and powers of the Un-American Activities Committee by adding to it some of the jurisdiction now held by other committees. He proposes to scrap the Legislative Reorganization Act, stripping from Judiciary its jurisdiction over immigration, and from the Foreign Affairs Committee its legislative supervision of passport control. It is an astounding bid.

The shocking fact is not, however, that Mr. Walter should desire such a change but that the Democratic leadership seems willing to go along with it. "The word" is that there is an agreement to do what Walter has asked. The plan was to do it inconspicuously, as part of the organization resolution which is routinely adopted on the first day of the session while old members are back in their offices reading their accumulated mail, and the new members are trying to follow, with either awe or bewilderment, what is going on in the Well of the House.

But word of Walter's strategy has leaked out. All the national organizations interested in a fair, generous immigration policy—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish and non-sectarian—have begun to sound the alarm. It would be bad enough to have a chairman of such miniscule understanding ruling on matters of import to civil liberties and international relations. But among

Correspondence

► ***Pasternak and the Prize***

SIRS:

IT has been some time since I read such a farrago of bad logic and absurd judgments as Massingham's *Communication* on the Pasternak case. (*NR*, Dec. 15). If I may summarize Massingham's arguments, he first accuses the West of

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the many intolerable consequences of the change would be the fact that Richard Arens, the staff director and Chief Inquisitor of Un-American Activities, would then assume staff jurisdiction over immigration and passports, an authority for which he has long lusted.

The "Talking Moon"

IN THE GENERAL pleasure at the success of our "talking moon"—the newest and largest US satellite—we should not exaggerate the achievement. Project SCORE has pioneered new territory in, for the first time, transmitting from space the human voice instead of the signals and dots relayed by earlier satellites. This "entirely new communications system" means that we can look forward to new international telegraph, telephone and television services—thrilling and chilling in their military potential. But the launching of this "1.5" stage Atlas missile into a 200-mile-altitude orbit by the Air Force does not mean, as enthusiasts have said, that "the US has at last caught up with the Soviet Union in rocket technology."

First, in terms of total propulsive energy available, the vehicle launched on December 18 was not one bit different from any other Atlas. That is, the engine thrust and burning time were normal. It is an exceedingly difficult task to chance propulsion parameters on a rocket ballistic missile. And achieving a higher thrust is still two to five years off. Longer burning time requires bigger tanks, which, in the case of the peculiar Atlas structure, again means several more years of work. No such propulsion schemes exist at present—as has been openly announced.

Second, no new guidance or control system was used. Instead of tilting the vehicle over into its parabolic earth-to-earth flight path, the pitch-over simply was *stopped* when the vehicle was parallel to earth. At that time the vehicle was burned out and was being controlled by small gas jets. Gyroscopic internal command, checked by ground control, determined when the rocket reached its maximum free-fall trajectory peak.

Third, the *entire* two- or three-ton payload was removed to substitute the 165-pound telemetering package. Removing the payload is like taking a DC-7, removing all seats and luggage fittings and installing gas tanks in the spare space. One could then easily fly the aircraft nonstop around the world. Yet the science of aeronautics and aircraft design would not thereby be advanced.

Similarly, increasing the "mass-ratio" (ratio of propellant weight to total weight) of Atlas by the amount done here, *enormously* increases its burnout velocity and/or altitude. The normal payload of, say, two tons, is a sizable fraction of the empty weight of the second stage. This "mass ratio" is a most important factor in a missile's ballistic equations and is very sensitive to even small dead weight changes.

The Soviets launched 3,000 pounds of *working* payload, with, probably, a two-stage vehicle with the second stage near the weight of our Atlas. That was astronomically superior to our performance: we may achieve it by late '59 or '60.

In terms of rocket technology and the advance into space: the "talking moon" was an extravagant propaganda stunt which certainly did *not* impress the Russians. Moreover, the $2-5 million which it cost could better have been spent on research on new propellants or telemetering. *No* coordination was effected between the various established Navy and Army tracking groups and the USAF, and no new capability for guidance or propulsion technology was achieved. Finally, to launch a US 3,000-pound *working* satellite will require Atlas "1.5" stages *plus* a newly developed "2nd" stage being built by Bell Aircraft for Lockheed. This is about one year off.

Limited Partnership

SECRETARY DULLES must have long since abandoned hope that the NATO boat could be kept from rocking: if only it could be kept from capsizing! Massive Soviet conventional military power plus the new Soviet capacity for missile retaliation are storm signals that should long ago have summoned the Western nations to their most disciplined and united effort. Yet, the recent NATO conference in Paris showed that, despite a firm response in principle to the Russian threat to Berlin, the Atlantic alliance continues drifting aimlessly.

An important change has occurred within NATO since last summer. It is the re-emergence of General de Gaulle, who insists on discussing the fundamental question of a common policy toward the Arab world and Africa. The timing of his demand for greater French influence in the shaping of such a policy may have been bad, but it is clear that one of the General's aims has been to restore to NATO that tripartite underpinning it had when Harry Truman was in the White House. One of the most eloquent symbols of the unity of purpose that once existed was the Tripartite Declaration of May, 1950, in which the US, UK and France solemnly pledged themselves to guarantee the frontiers of Israel and to uphold the peaceful *status quo* in the Middle East. The authors of this document were not concerned whether France was or was not a "great power" (it was not). They simply accepted the fact that, as a leading Mediterranean land which had possessions in North Africa and an impressive cultural prestige in the Levant, France was entitled to make her voice heard in the formulation of Middle Eastern policy. Obviously today, much of the *status quo* that France may have wanted to preserve cannot be preserved. Thus, the task of Western diplomacy is to explore, define and defend what *is* commonly defensible now, and to make

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A WINTER'S EVENING

Stockholm

AFTER DINNER I strolled down to the shore with the setter. It was cold, with crusted snow, and the winter sky was at its loveliest. The moon was in its last quarter. On the other side of the bay, Venus hung over the Varmdo country. Under the Heavenly Twins was a shower of star-spangles—two children playing with balls of light, my grandmother used to say.

The setter sniffed. It occurred to me that just then a little, poisoned rotting-dog comrade was traveling at eight kilometers a second around the earth, 150 Swedish miles up in the air. "A star high in the sky did blaze, Alleluia."

We don't desire the stars, an old boy once wrote. Well, well, times change. Sputnik's day could have been a dizzying day of miracle, a proudly happy day for man on earth—the start of the space age, with opened horizons, and man-made rainbows over night-blue running tracks.

The red setter beside me trembled and laid a paw on the sleeve of my windproof jacket. There was going to be quite a frost tonight. The winter stars are no jolly Christmas sparklers, but keen spears of silver. Thought becomes frozen and afraid.

"When they saw the star they were exceedingly glad," it is written of the shepherds.

In a few years the first manned satellite will be sent to a space station. Instruments will be turned towards an unknown universe of dark stars emitting radio waves instead of light rays.

Who sprinkled the high fields of blue with such stars? We may guess that the crew will have something to think about over their evening grog—if there is any grog and if it can run downwards. Perhaps they will have some faint notion of a Great Engineer bent over His drawing board among the galaxies, a cosmic architect drawing up His building plans for some far-distant chaos. And they will ask each other if this Draughtsman can be the same God who stretches out His fatherly hand to cover our hearts; if that Power which pencils the sweep of the starry skies above us is the same Spirit that prescribes the moral law within us.

The Greeks once gave to moderation and reflection their classical names: *metron* and *sofrosyne*. In that world of theirs Icarus got his wings scorched as a punishment for his pride. Today we don't have any wax and feathers, but Sputnik alloys and hydrogen.

The setter rubbed his nose against me. I threw my arms around his neck and faced the cottage window. It was lighted. The kids sat eating their supper. Some toys were lying on the kitchen table. Suddenly the heart asserted itself again, and we stood up and went in.

LARS ULVENSTAM

the necessary accommodations to that which is not. The Secretary would have been well advised to bring with him to Paris some constructive suggestion for accomplishing this, such as a five- or six-power "steering group" for NATO, which might hammer out a collective approach to the Middle East and Africa.

But Mr. Dulles came empty-handed. Perhaps it was to be expected. For ever since the present Administration took office, it has, intentionally or inadvertently, undermined the prospects for tripartite collaboration. The Baghdad Pact, which ushered in Mr. Dulles' "dynamic," new foreign policy, was drawn up against the negative advice of the Quai d'Orsay. When the new policy was challenged by Moscow in September, 1955—with the signing of the first Soviet-Egyptian arms deal — Mr. Dulles simply ignored the Tripartite Declaration, which was designed to deal with this kind of threat. Instead, he riposted a few weeks later with a hasty offer (later withdrawn just as hastily) to finance the construction of the Aswan Dam—a fateful act which culminated in the abortive Suez campaign.

This see-sawing may have had some justification had Washington subsequently evolved a clear-cut policy of its own. But is there anyone—friend or foe—who can say today with assurance what American policy in the Middle East really is?

"Generally Conceded"?

AMONG the many things we never knew before is this bit of incidental information from *Variety:*

> Sylvester L. [Pat] Weaver, Jr., former president and vice chairman of the board of NBC, looks set to return to the agency field as general consultant on planning and programming with McCann-Erickson. . . . This would not interfere with Weaver's consultation commitments with Kaiser Industries and with Nelson Rockefeller, Governor-elect of New York, whose campaign, especially on the television aspects, was masterminded by Weaver. Weaver and Rockefeller were classmates at Dartmouth. (Incidentally, it is now generally conceded, "Rock's" video personality and general TV approach was what swung the tide against Gov. Harriman.)

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Inflation and Production

SPEAKING EARLIER this month in San Angelo, Texas, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson called for a full-dress study of inflation, comparable in scope to the work of the Temporary National Economic Committee that the Senate set up in 1938. To some, his proposal looked like a piece of preemptive buying, done with the finesse characteristic of Mr. Johnson. Previously, the Senator paid little attention to the Joint Economic Committee, which has just wound up hearings on public policies for economic stability and growth—other than to use appointments to it as part of his political chess game. But it is presumably this Committee that would conduct further studies of inflation.

For such an inquiry to make a real contribution to the development of new economic techniques, the Committee may have to fly higher into the power structures of finance, industry and labor than it has flown in most of its recent hearings at which industry, labor and academic economists appeared. One of the issues which will occasion most controversy—it bulked large again in the testimony of George P. Hitchings of the Ford Motor Company in the Joint Committee's hearings—is whether "the [inflation] problem has been largely one of expanding total wages and salaries (including fringe benefits) at a more rapid rate than production. This accounted for 68 percent of the rise in average prices from 1951 to 1957."

Mr. Hitchings may exaggerate the inflationary role of wages and salaries, but it is clear that the country is looking for a public price policy and a public wage policy under which, at contract-making time, industrial negotiators are called upon to justify upward wage and price changes in terms of some kind of average productivity improvement.

El Bingo

WHEN the Rock Island railroad announced it was cutting sleeping and parlor car fares by 28 percent, it seemed proof that private enterprise (albeit somewhat subsidized) has not lost its resilience. But by comparison, Rock Island's maneuver to pick up the slack is commonplace alongside the latest come-on of Cubana Airlines.

Travel on Cubana has been understandably slight of late, what with two planes hijacked in the air by Cuban rebels and a third shot down—by which side is a matter of dispute. In a brave effort to lure the wary passenger, Batista's line now offers an innovation in air travel and, for that matter, in the field of culture—bingo games in the sky, with prizes. May we offer a slogan? "Fly Cubana —You Never Know When Your Number May Be Coming Up."

LETTER FROM PEKING

A "PEKING LETTER" from Anna Louise Strong, who is described as moving in Peking's highest circles, is worth study as a statement of what the Communists would like us to believe is the "Chinese strategy in the Taiwan Strait." And this is the way her letter dated October 29 is billed in *New Times*, the bi-monthly publication of the Soviet Foreign Office.

Miss Strong claims the Chinese Communists could have taken Quemoy, either by arms or through a deal with Secretary Dulles. In either case, however, the result would have been to isolate Formosa and strengthen the US hold on that island. Communist leaders know that American and world opinion, while nervous about the off-shore islands, is less so about Formosa. Letters to the White House protesting US policy were "based on Quemoy and its nearness to the mainland. . . . There would not be this protest about Formosa," reports Miss Strong:

> At present, world opinion mobilizes more readily round Quemoy than around Formosa If this island and Matsu were taken by the Chinese Communists, the UN might perhaps be induced by American pressure to set up a trusteeship on Formosa. But nobody but an insane person would discuss trusteeship for Quemoy.

Because Peking hopes to transform the Nationalist garrison on Quemoy from a barrier to a stepping stone to Formosa, there has been a "warm, humorous courtship of the Kuomintang by the Communists," she says. This explains the note of almost fatherly solicitude in recent communiques of Peking's Defense Minister Peng: "If there is a lack of anything just say it and we will give it to you." Chiang Kai-shek is cautioned by Peng not "to break with the Americans suddenly." lest his fate be that of Marshal Chang Tso-lin who was murdered by the Japanese when they had no further use for him.

AND HOW DO the Communists expect their strategy will work out? "Somewhere in this process," Miss Strong asserts,

> demands will arise *and no doubt are arising* for a parley by the leaders of the Kuomintang. They will rise from Quemoy soldiers and eventually perhaps even affect Chiang Kai-shek. . . . Even Chiang may see that Peking offers him a better place than Dulles offers, a chance to take part in the unification of his country, and not to divide it. If Chiang does not see this, others may see it and seize the power.

The letter may only represent Peking's alibi for abandoning a campaign that was called off because its Air Force could not cope with the US "sidewinder." But it confirms some UN diplomats in their view that time may be rapidly running out on the chance for a "UN solution" for Formosa.

JOSEPH P. LASH

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Is Iraq About To Go Communist?

ALARMIST REPORTS that Iraq is going Communist are based on a fantasy picture which disregards the basic ethnic, religious and political facts of Iraq.

Ever since July 14 the myth has been accepted in the US that there was great pressure for immediate union with Nasser's UAR from the mobs of Baghdad. When pro-UAR former Deputy Prime Minister Col. Abdul Salim Aref was jailed, the near-universal conclusion was that Premier Qassem had had to placate the Communists to obtain the support of the mobs. Since then, all events and individuals have been judged on the basis of a pro-UAR Nationalist-Communist struggle. Defeat of the Nasserists is interpreted as a triumph of the Communists.

In point of fact, there was never any chance of Iraq's joining a Cairo-capitaled UAR. More than one quarter of Iraq's population is non-Arab and does not speak Arabic as a native language. The largest non-Arab group are the Kurds of northern Iraq. Of the Arab Moslems, well over half belong to the Shia sect. Half the population of Baghdad and all of southern Iraq is Shia. The Sunni Arabs make up less than 30 percent of the population.

The conflict and perpetual discord of the Sunni and Shia sects of Islam is vital to Iraqi politics, both foreign and internal. Other than in Iraq, there is no significant Shia group in the Arab world except in southern Lebanon. To be reduced to a powerless minority in an enlarged UAR would be as intolerable to Iraq's Shias as it would be to the Kurds or to Lebanon's Christians.

The inept and irresponsible Col. Aref's demand that Iraq unite with the UAR was supported largely by the Iraqi branch of the Syrian-based Ba'ath Party. There is some evidence that post-July 14 they received substantial financial support from Nasser, as they were able to found and publish the largest circulation newspaper in Baghdad by August. There is no reason to believe that Ba'ath had any substantial backing in the Army or among the street mobs (which are primarily Shia) of Baghdad.

In fact, the Revolutionary Government of Iraq has been very careful to show both the Shias and the Kurds that their position would be respected. The first act of the Revolution was the formation of a three-man sovereignty council with a Sunni Arab, a Shia Arab and a Kurd. The principal reason that Iraq did not denounce the Baghdad Pact, but left it to wither, was to stress Iraq's special relationship to Shia Iran.

Other evidence of Communist penetration of the Government is equally unconvincing. Ibrahim Kubba, the Minister of National Economy, has negotiated a number of commercial treaties with Soviet-bloc countries. He maintains that true neutrality lies in dealing with all countries on the basis of Iraq's best interest. Other Iraqi officials who have been called Communists or fellow-travelers include the Director-General of Police and Qassem's aide-de-camp and the Director-General of Propaganda. In all cases these men depend on Qassem for their positions, and in no case is there any hard evidence that they are allies of the Communists. His position depends on the Army. All indications are that he has the support of the Army, which has given no sign of being even "leftist," let alone Communist.

Affirmative evidence of the moderation of the government is that it has recognized, *with no opposition,* the oil concessions and a role for the foreign oil companies. Secondly, the foreign contractors for the Iraqi Development Board have, within the last week, started to receive payments which had been suspended after the Revolution pending investigation of the contracts.

Qassem said in his first speech, on November 26:

> We are an independent sovereign and peace-loving republic. . . . We shall cooperate with all Arab States without expectation of reward, and shall cooperate with foreign nations on the basis of mutual benefits. . . . Iraq will go along with the Arab caravan silently and with wisdom. . . .

Iraq has not made the critical decision that will determine its future relations with Nasser and the UAR: whether, how much and under what conditions to contribute to the Arab Development Institute—the regional development bank project of the Arab League. Iraq holds the key not only to its own contribution but to how Kuwait will invest its surplus.

Kuwait has a population of 200,000 and an oil revenue of $375 million this year. The surplus, after all the expenditures for a super welfare state and lavish living for the Sheik, will be better than $200 million in 1958. The Sheik of Kuwait has already indicated a willingness to contribute to an Arab Regional Fund if the other oil rich states also contribute. While British bonds may be a better investment than Arab League bonds, he would rather be Sheik of Kuwait with investments in bad bonds than not to be Sheik and have his money in London. Therefore, if Iraq contributes, Kuwait will also contribute. If Iraq does not contribute, Nasser will have to depend on US and British pressure to obtain Kuwait's contribution.

NASSER, Qassem and the Russians are aware of the dynamics of Middle East oil. If Qassem had wished to reach an accommodation with Nasser, he could at any time have agreed to contribute a part of his oil revenues to the Arab Development Institute. He has not. Instead, while Qassem has purged pro-UAR elements in Iraq, the Arab Oil Congress has been postponed from November to April.

The preoccupation of Washington with Communism and Nasserism is such that it cannot conceive an Arab state independent of the West, Nasser and Soviet Russia. Suggestions have already been made that we back Nasser unconditionally so that he can overcome the Communists in Iraq. Such a course would, in fact, force Premier Qassem to rely entirely on the Soviet Union.

BUSHROD HOWARD, JR.

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The Superficial Aspect

New Times, New Rules

WITHOUT doubt the cult of Methuselah will be subjected to severe, perhaps savage attack in the Congress that will assemble next month. The exigencies of the situation require it. November 4, assisted by the Twenty-second Amendment, convinced the Democrats that they have an excellent chance to recapture the White House in 1960, and to convert that chance into a sure thing will be the great objective for the next 18 months.

Right now the only serious threat to a Democratic victory is the possibility that Congress might fumble and foozle the opportunity. That danger must be eliminated if possible, and the way to eliminate it is to make sure of competent and trustworthy leadership in both houses. Such leadership is not sure under a rule that may put the chairmanship of more than one important committee in the hand of some ancient fuddy-duddy whose sole political achievement is survival, or—worse—in the hands of some pseudo-Democrat coming from a rotten borough half of whose citizens are disfranchised, while the other half vote on racial or religious, not on political issues.

Thus there is an excellent chance that Methuselah will be thrown out at the first caucus. Pessimists deny it. They point out that most members of Congress are of such mediocre ability that the seniority rule is their one chance of rising to the chairmanship of an important committee and they will never vote to abolish that chance. But they did, once within living memory when conditions were not very different from those now existing.

This was in 1912. The Democrats had captured the House in 1910, and in 1912, assisted by a split in the opposition, they elected Woodrow Wilson as President and gained control of the Senate by the narrow margin of 51 to 45—the first time they had controlled the upper house since 1895. The problem was to hold Congress in 1914 and it could be solved only by making a strikingly good record in the first two years of the Administration. Methuselah obviously could not be relied on for this, so he was given the boot.

Under the seniority rule the majority leadership of the Senate would have gone to an antique crustacean from Virginia named Martin, the political tutor of the present Senator Byrd and just about as far behind the contemporary world. The story that Martin had been in the Senate ever since the administration of Christopher Columbus was apocryphal, but he had been there long enough to be drawn by mere capillary attraction to the minority leadership.

From Cleveland to Wilson this did not matter much for after 1896 the Democrats had about as much chance of capturing the Senate as Thurgood Marshall has of being elected mayor of Birmingham, Alabama. But when it became not only possible but urgently necessary to bring party policy into line with modern thought, it was evident that this antediluvian would hash the job completely. So the caucus threw him out and chose an Indiana liberal, John W. Kern—and for the next two years the party made the best legislative record in its history.

The Democrats did more on that occasion. They left the title of chairman to various old gaffers intellectually more decrepit than Martin, but they reduced the function of chairman to that of a mere presiding officer. The actual majority retained actual control of the Senate and the results were highly satisfactory.

The caucus of 1959 will face a situation different mainly in the fact that Lyndon Johnson is not another Martin. True, he is from Texas and his leadership imposes upon the party the double handicap of oil and segregation. But he is one of the most adroit parliamentarians of his generation and his services in that capacity would certainly be of great value to the party next year. This will cause some men who want no part of Texan political philosophy to hesitate about supplanting Johnson.

The fact remains, however, that the party's tenure of power is in the balance. The country has spoken so emphatically that it cannot be misunderstood by anyone short of an Eastland or a De Sapio. It has demanded a policy based on an intelligent appreciation of contemporary reality, not on the theories of Nelson W. Aldrich, still less those of John C. Calhoun.

NUMEROUS OBSERVERS by no means of the Dixiecratic school think that Johnson, under the right kind of propulsion, could put through a legislative program of that sort. But they agree that he will have to be propelled and the first step toward that end is to clip the power of archaic committee chairmen, either by replacing them or by curbing their authority. Perhaps the latter is the more practical approach since it might win the votes of second-raters who drool at the thought of being called "chairman," but who have little relish for being saddled with responsibility. At any rate, if the party is to win, it must devise new rules of some kind that will have the effect of a Statute of Mortmain, removing the dead hand from the levers of power. Failing that, we may look forward to four years of Nixon—or worse, if any.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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Congressional Review Of Passport Policy

by ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

IN JUNE, 1958, in a decision that I shall for the moment characterize very loosely, the Supreme Court cut down the State Department's claimed authority to deny passports to, and thus forbid foreign travel by, selected individual citizens. The Department cried out in pain at the amputation and appealed to Congress to make it whole again. Owing to the approach of adjournment and to the efforts of a band of Senators, among whom Wayne Morse of Oregon was prominent, nothing happened. The appeal has now been renewed by Roderic L. O'Connor, the State Department officer responsible for passport policy under the Secretary.

Mr. O'Connor has been a worthy successor to Scott McLeod, and, as a grammarian also to Charles E. Wilson. In a speech not long ago, he complained that the Supreme Court forced him to grant passports to some 600 Communist supporters. This, he now says in testimony before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, was a "somewhat precise [*sic*] statement." Actually there have been 702 applications from people alleged to have been involved in some Communist activities or to have had Communist affiliations. (The old vague, otiose phrases never die or fade away). Passports were granted in 642 of these cases. Mr. O'Connor identifies 30 of them by name, in all but two of which passports were issued; most interesting case of these, Mr. O'Connor says, are people with Communist and pro-Russian feelings. The names? Anna Louise Strong, Earl Browder and a string of obscurities.

To listen to Mr. O'Connor give vent to his sense of outrage, one would think that administrative power to forbid travel to people of disagreeable affiliations or feelings always existed until, out of the blue, that nasty Supreme Court interfered. But that is not the fact, and the outrage, really, is properly on the other foot.

The right to travel beyond national boundaries is of ancient lineage. It receives mention in the Magna Carta, and it was apparently thought of as unchallenged—and too unchallengeable for mention—by our own Founding Fathers. Only recently has a regular practice grown up of forbidding all Americans from time to time to go to such places as Hungary, the Middle East, or China, and of preventing individual citizens from going anywhere at all outside the Western hemisphere. The nation simply woke up one day to find its State Department denying what, for all anyone imagined, had the day before been still the unchallenged and unchallengeable right of all. How came we to this fall from Grace?

The tale is an uncommonly instructive and suggestive one. It features the subtle transformation of an instrument invented to aid and protect the traveller—the passport—into a means of control and restriction. It features also a consistent evasion of legislative responsibility, manifested by vacuous mandates to administrative officers; and, in consequence, it exemplifies administrative negativism, timidity, even denseness and caprice, and of course sensitivity to the irresponsible pressure of this or that Congressional panjandrum. Just about the only edifying part of the story concerns the courts which, refraining from grandiose pronouncements and dealing case by case with limited issues, prodded the administrative into at least a dawning recognition of the demands of procedural fairness. Then last spring, when the problem was brought before it, the Supreme Court held that if there are to be any such travel restrictions at all as the State Department has been imposing of late, Congress must authorize them in orderly and explicit fashion.

And so, to Mr. O'Connor's chagrin, Paul Robeson went to England, and it is all now up to Congress, although it will be observed that the Court did not reach ultimate questions and that whatever Congress enacts may still run into Constitutional obstacles. But it may also not, if Congress acts sensibly. The judicial process here showed itself at its best precisely because it recalled Congress to its responsibility before arriving at what may thus prove to be unnecessary, that is, discharge of the Court's own ultimate duty of indicating the Constitutional limits of legislative discretion.

There wouldn't be much of a problem—and the Court's disposition of the issue could have been immediate and absolute—if a tale of the loss of virtue were really alone sufficient to explain contemporary restrictions on ancient freedom. But of course, conditions have changed, and the Cold War, like other recent wars, has established a plausible connection between the national interest and at least some regulations of travel. So long as the connection is rational, and so long as the national interest that is invoked to curtail a traditional liberty of the subject is not trivial or fanciful, and cannot be otherwise satisfied, it would be extremely difficult, it would indeed be wrong for the Court to define that liberty in rigid, doctrinaire terms. The electorally responsible policy-making institutions of our government must be given their leeway—here as much as in areas where changed conditions have impinged on the idyllic freedoms of the property owner of another day. In considering what Congress should now do, we must therefore pursue

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a double inquiry, observing the vital distinction between the constitutional question of power and the prudential issues of expediency, practicality, wisdom. Much of what the State Department has been doing is quite likely unconstitutional, in substance and certainly in procedure. But much is not. Yet it remains unwise and inexpedient.

It is one of the many virtues of an altogether admirable report on passport policy by a committee of the New York City Bar Association—"Freedom to Travel," published by Dodd, Mead and Company—that it is mindful of the distinction I have just described. Thus the Report concludes, and quite rightly, that the foreign relations power must encompass Congressional and Executive authority to prohibit travel by everyone to designated foreign areas. The exercise of this power, unless obviously without foundation in fact and thus totally arbitrary, is a political function not subject to judicial control or to the usual procedural safeguards. But the Report persuasively argues that as imposed in the recent past, such area prohibitions have often been self-defeating. It recommends that they be authorized where they can be used as a sanction against a hostile government, or to avoid involvement of the United States in hostilities of which it wishes to steer clear. The Report is skeptical of the value of such prohibitions as measures to protect American citizens from dangers that would befall them in certain countries. This point seems to me debatable. But there can be no doubt of the wisdom of the recommendation that the Secretary of State be required to accompany any restriction with a statement of his reasons for imposing it. Coupled with the appointment to office of men of intellectual integrity, this requirement should tend in future to prevent the futile gesture that hurts us more than it does those at whom it is aimed.

THE Report recommends authorization by Congress of individual travel restraints in three kinds of cases, in each of which considerations of national security are obvious, and obviously important. The Secretary would deny a passport if he has reasonable grounds to believe that the applicant will engage abroad in "(1) transmitting . . . security information of the United States; (2) inciting hostilities or conflicts which might involve the United States [as by going to the Near East in order to inflame conflict between the Arabs and Israelis]; or (3) inciting attacks by force upon the United States or attempts to overthrow its government by force and violence." Under this recommendation there would be no more denials of passports (they are quite probably unconstitutional) on the ground of mere membership in the Communist Party, or on grounds of affiliations or feelings or what have you. Mr. O'Connor would be left to nurse his sense of outrage. There would also be no more denials based on activities prejudicial to the conduct of foreign relations, or to habitual criminals, paupers and deadbeats, and those who go abroad to commit acts illegal in the receiving country. A number of more conventional grounds of denial, which are pretty well agreed all around, are left undisturbed.

I think there have been cases when it was both constitutional and wise to deny a passport or withdraw it on the ground of activity prejudicial to the conduct of foreign relations, especially where a former government official was involved. But I suppress the doubt, because there have been more cases where the Department has acted unwisely. The Passport Office has a good deal of regaining of confidence to do before one allows the benefit of any doubt to run in its favor.

The test of the Report's affirmative recommendation of reasons for individual denials is in the procedural safeguards with which they are surrounded. The Secretary is required to have reasonable grounds to believe—that is to say, prophesy—that certain activity will be undertaken abroad. Such prophesies are easily come by through a process of private self-persuasion; they are not at all easy when they have to be based on a record made in the course of a fair adversary hearing, and are subject to review on the same record by a court. This Report recommends, and I believe the Constitution requires, a fair hearing such as we are accustomed to in other administrative proceedings. There is only one difficulty, and that is the matter of confidential information.

Four of the eight members of the Committee submitting this Report would insist on full disclosure of all relevant information, as in ordinary trials. Mr. Manly Fleischmann would allow a temporary passport denial, but only a temporary denial, without it. Mr. Ewen C. MacVeagh would do without it upon the personal certification of the Secretary of State and the Attorney General. Messrs. Adrian S. Fisher and Fifield Workum would do without it, under safeguards, where the applicant has in the past had access to information that is still of a *highly* (Mr. Fisher's and Mr. Workum's italics) classified security nature. But it is exceedingly difficult to see why, if the government must lay its cards on the table when it enforces domestically its laws against espionage and treason and the like, it should not have to do the same in these circumstances. No one has yet offered a satisfactory answer to this decisive question—and it is a constitutional, not merely a prudential, question.

The authors of this Report (in addition to those mentioned they are Alexis C. Coudert, William A. Delano, Haliburton Fales 2nd, Gerard Swope Jr., and Professors Robert B. McKay and Cecil J. Olmstead of New York University, who served as the staff) undertook it in selfless discharge of their public obligation as members of the Bar. If a sensible passport policy emerges from the 86th Congress, it will no doubt be owing in large measure to this work.

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The Last Years Of Our Greatness?

Khrushchev's Message to the 86th Congress

by HANS J. MORGENTHAU

WE ARE in Mr. Khrushchev's debt for having warned us, and in Walter Lippmann's for having conveyed the warning, that the United States may be enjoying "the last years of its greatness." The scene is extraordinary and full of meaning, and the meaning is in the best Marxist tradition. Other would-be conquerors have foretold the impending doom of their prospective victims, arguing from their weakness and from the decline of their greatness, reminding them perhaps of a greatness of which nothing remains but the trappings. Such is not Mr. Khrushchev's argument. He recognizes America's present greatness and he denies its future not because it will itself decline but because the Soviet Union will surpass it. One is reminded of the tribute—unmatched both in praise and insight by any defender of capitalism—which Marx and Engels paid the bourgeoisie in "The Communist Manifesto":

> It has been the first to show what man's activity can bring about. It has accomplished wonders far surpassing Egyptian pyramids, Roman aqueducts, and Gothic cathedrals. . . . The bourgeoisie . . . has created more massive and more colossal productive forces than have all preceding generations together.

And it is both in spite and by virtue of these achievements (because it could achieve nothing else, exhausting its historic mission with these achievements) that the founders of Communism were as confident as is their present heir of the impending doom of capitalism.

The message which Mr. Khrushchev, echoing Marx and Engels, sends us through Mr. Lippmann, then, is this: you are doomed not because you are small and weak, but because your greatness and strength are inextricably tied to a particular period of history which Communism is in the process of leaving behind.

As a general proposition, the point it makes is well taken. For history bears indeed witness to the truth that a society which is unable to adapt itself to new conditions and restore its vital energies in the successful contest with new problems is doomed and that all historic societies have sooner or later been so doomed.

What makes the truth of that general proposition acutely poignant for us is a general climate of opinion and a general trend of policy which, if they do not appear to bear out that truth, do not deny it persuasively.

Our government appears to act upon the assumption, which the people are pleased to accept as self-evident, that our greatness is a kind of inherited, if not natural, quality

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KHRUSHCHEV TO LIPPMANN

[KHRUSHCHEV] said rather solemnly, "we"—the Communists—will cause you, the Americans, more "trouble" each year.

How? The trouble for the West will come from the continual "multiplication of benefits" received by the people of the Soviet states. At present, he said, the United States is the richest and most productive country in the world. But it is living "the last years of its greatness." Why? Because shortly the USSR will surpass the United States in productivity per capita. He was referring, it was evident, to the coming Seven-Year Plan. When that Plan is achieved, the people [of the poor countries] will "be convinced by their stomachs." That is your danger, he asserted, not our H-bombs.

WALTER LIPPMANN

November 11, 1958—reporting on his interview with Khrushchev

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owing to certain traditional ways of thought and action and to be perpetuated through the perpetuation of these ways. This state of mind derives from what is in essence an isolationist conception of our greatness. Time was indeed when we could afford to compare our political institutions and social arrangements with those of other nations and rest assured. Time was when we could be satisfied to compare our present with our past strength and with the prospects for the future. Yet the superiority of our way of life, in terms not of abstract philosophic principles but of political and economic results, is no longer as obvious either to us or to the rest of the world as it used to be. To hundreds of millions of people the Communist way of life appears more attractive than ours. Our strength vis-à-vis other nations can no longer be measured by the degree of our unchallengeable superiority within the Western Hemisphere. It must be measured against a competition which is resolved to leave us behind and is dogmatically certain that it will.

It would, of course, be preposterous to suggest that we don't know all this. Yet our actions belie our knowledge. We know that we are fighting for our lives, but we act as though it could not be quite as serious as that. This contrast between knowledge and action distinguishes the new isolationism from the old. The old isolationism did not know what the score was and acted as though the score did not exist. The new isolationism knows the score, but hankers back to when we could afford to ignore it.

This neo-isolationist state of mind causes almost of necessity a perversion of the priorities of national policy. National policy is at all times confronted with demands which exceed, or seem to exceed, the available resources. It is the task of statesmanship to judge correctly both the actual and potential amount of the resources available and the relative importance of the demands upon them in order to support what is important with what is necessary. The Administration has failed in both tasks. Starting with a static, pre-Keynesian conception of economic life and of the creative role of government within it, the Administration has erected the balanced budget to the measure of all policy. The question, can we afford it? has pride of place before all questions of substantive policy. And since the answer is in the negative, the argument in reverse comes easy.

THIS state of mind not only perverts the priorities upon which the Administration acts, it also exerts a subtly corrupting influence upon the public debate on public issues. With the Administration having set the tone, public and, more particularly, Congressional opinion tends to divide not according to the substantive merits of the issues but according to how expensive one kind of policy is compared with another kind. The President having stigmatized the opposition as "spender," the opposition is tempted to join the issue by either proving that it is at least as budget-conscious as the Administration or else by defying the Administration and providing more than it has asked for.

Yet in truth the controversy over spending is utterly absurd. Since its strictly economic absurdity has been argued with special competence by others, such as the businessmen of the Committee for Economic Development, it only needs to be pointed out here that if the Soviet Union—*with less than half our national product*—can afford to challenge the United States on land, on the seas, and in the air, in economic productivity, in technical innovation, in foreign aid and trade, in the struggle for the minds of men, it is tantamount to a declaration of national bankruptcy for us to act on the assumption that we cannot afford an adequate response to the Communist challenge. The issue which must for us overshadow all others is not how to save money but, first, how to survive and, then, how to emerge victorious from this contest. The nation which would persuade itself that it cannot afford the policies which would assure its survival would have forfeited its claim to greatness and jeopardized its very existence as well.

It is against this state of mind, permeating the Administration, that the 86th Congress must defend the interests of the nation. It is against its corrosive influence, against its infectious lure to escape from the hard and risky issues of history into the simple and certain world of accounting, that it must be on guard. For this state of mind, by taking our greatness and our survival for granted and by reducing the great issues facing the nation and mankind to a matter of dollars and cents, is in truth as was its isolationist predecessor in the inter-war period, a prescription for disaster. Militarily, it spells mortal danger. Politically, it spells defense of an indefensible status quo. Economically, it spells wasteful stagnation. Administratively, it spells chaos. And as the policy of the opposition, it spells "moderation."

It is the mission of the 86th Congress, before it can even think of formulating concrete policies, to restore the lost sense of proportion to the government by facing the great issues that threaten the nation. What are, in necessarily sketchy outline, these issues?

The military danger which the Russian earth satellites revealed in the autumn of 1957 has not been met by adequate action. The recommendations of the Gaither and Rockefeller committees have either not been implemented at all or else their implementation has been cut and slowed down by budgetary considerations. The sense of urgency which animated at least some public discussions more than a year ago has given way in Washington to a mood of wistful impotence. The possibility that the atomic deterrent may no longer be effective because of our weakness in retaliatory powers and our vulnerability because of insufficient active and passive defense and the certainty that we are unprepared to fight a limited war are admitted, and so is the mortal danger that the so-called fourth-nation problem poses for mankind. But what

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can you or I do about it? Congress can do something about it in two different ways. It can elaborate a coherent defense policy of its own, going far beyond appropriating more money than the Administration had asked for, and while it cannot force the Administration to put such a policy into practice, by formulating it it erects a standard by which the performance of the Administration will be judged. Furthermore, it can mobilize public opinion in support of such a policy. A year ago some members of the Gaither committee met with the Vice President, intent upon mobilizing public support for their recommendations; they must regret now they have allowed themselves to be dissuaded by the White House.

DEFENDING THE INDEFENSIBLE

WHILE our defense policy has been deflected from a bold, decisive course by the spectre of an unbalanced budget, our foreign policy has been paralyzed by fear of the unknown. Here the need for innovation is obvious, and since Stalin's death many opportunities for novel policies have presented themselves. Yet far from at least exploring these opportunities, we have been content, by and large, to continue the military policies which had proved their effectiveness in Europe 10 years ago and to extend them to regions such as Asia and the Middle East, and situations where they were bound to be ineffective. We have pursued an unqualified policy of the status quo, defined in narrow territorial and military terms. As the *London Economist* put it on November 29, 1958, in an article entitled "Stuck on the Status Quo": "It is not so much what Mr. Dulles does in a crisis as what he does not do in between them." However, the rationale behind Mr. Dulles' policy is valid: that any change in the status quo brought about by, or likely to lead to, the use of force can no longer be tolerated in the atomic age. The flaw which invalidates the policy is the refusal to recognize that *not every status quo is defensible,* that especially in Asia and Africa the status quo is inherently unstable, and that it is the task of statesmanship to create out of the ruinous heritage of the past a viable order which can be defended because it is considered worth defending.

The proper role of Congress in the formulation of foreign policy has since Washington's times been a subject of controversy. Yet in point of fact, the subordination of Congress to the initiative of the Executive is a matter of historic record. Congress can retard, modify, or even obstruct foreign policies of which it disapproves; it is incapable of initiating new foreign policies and forcing the Administration to execute them. But Congress does not need to be impotent in the conduct of foreign policy. It has three potent weapons at its disposal.

First, it can refuse to support foreign policies of which it disapproves. It can do so by withholding its moral support for which the Administration may ask in the form of resolutions or by withholding funds from the purposes of the Administration and diverting them to the purposes of Congress. Congress, if it had had a mind to, could have refused to approve, for instance, the resolutions concerning the defense of the off-shore islands, the non-recognition of Communist China, and the Eisenhower Doctrine. The virtual or actual unanimity with which the Senate passed these resolutions, it can safely be assumed, reflected not so much the considered convictions of virtually all members of that body as the renunciation of its independent judgment and its subservience to the judgment of the Administration. Instead of going every year through the ritual performance of cutting off a certain percentage from the requested appropriations for foreign aid, a procedure which provides no alternative for the Administration's foreign aid policy, Congress could indeed present the Administration with a foreign aid policy of its own by appropriating funds only for purposes consonant with such a policy. If Congress could not compel the Administration to execute this alternative foreign aid policy, it could, in the unlikely contingency of an extreme conflict, confront the Administration with the alternative of accepting the policy of Congress or having no policy at all.

Second, Congress can express its preferences through resolutions which, while they cannot bind the Administration, have a political weight which the Administration would have great difficulty in resisting. Congress has used in the past this political device for the support of Administration policies, and if its convictions counsel such a course this is as it should be. Yet does the new Congress really approve of our foreign policy, of its sterility and stagnation, of its boldness where it ought to be restrained, of its weakness where it ought to be strong, of its militarization where it is militarily useless and politically self-defeating, of its defense of an indefensible status quo? If it does not, it has an obligation to stop feeling ill at ease and seeking relief in attacking the Secretary of State and instead to go on record with a foreign policy of its own which presents the Administration, the American people, and the world with a recognizable alternative.

Finally, by thus establishing itself as the intellectual, if not the political counterfoil to the Administration, Congress can become the rallying point for a leaderless and, hence, ignorant and complacent public opinion. That ignorance and complacency, created and continuously nourished by the Administration and in some measure reflecting its own, have shut the American people off from the perilous political and military state of their affairs, on the one hand, and from the thinking of their best minds in Washington and elsewhere, on the other. In the long run, we are moving step by step, as in a helpless trance, toward the ultimate holocaust which will destroy all of us and all that Western civilization has created. In the short run, we are moving quickly into a zone of

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mortal danger created by the military superiority of the Soviet Union. Yet the American people live in the best of all possible worlds, and the voice of the individual, with no other mandate but his knowledge, judgment, and conscience, has no chance to make itself heard above the euphoric din of the chorus of delusion. Is it utopian to suggest that Congress, bridging the gap between the facts of life and a knowledgeable but ineffectual élite, on the one hand, and the people, on the other, constitute itself a kind of collective Demosthenes, explaining, warning, proposing, hammering away at the urgency of the dangers and the availability of the remedies?

The economic task which faces the 86th Congress is both more tangible and politically more delicate and difficult to execute than its tasks in the fields of military and foreign policy. It is more easily taken hold of, but it requires great political courage and skill for its achievement. It requires a veritable revolution in our economic thinking and practices. For the first time in our history, our economic task does not arise from a domestic problem, such as monopolies or unemployment, nor from a limited foreign situation, such as currency devaluation, tariffs or dumping. We are challenged, all of us, not just the watch industry or the cotton producers or the Treasury, and we are challenged not just as producers, distributors and consumers of economic goods, but as representatives of a distinctive way of life, as members of a particular social system with principles, institutions and arrangements of its own. The challenger is not a foreign industry or a foreign government pursuing hostile economic policies, but the social system of Communism in its totality, directed single-mindedly by a totalitarian government.

The Soviet Union has chosen the economic plane as the battlefield where Communism will win its decisive victory. Mr. Khrushchev has been explicit in his resolution to prove Marx and Lenin correct in their prophecy that capitalism is doomed. While Marx and Lenin believed that this doom would result from a series of world wars, fought primarily among the capitalistic nations themselves, Khrushchev has declared that capitalism will fall because of its inferiority in economic organization, technology and productivity. He sees the Soviet Union destined to surpass the United States in economic productivity and well-being, and by demonstrating its economic superiority over the United States, the Soviet Union will set the example which the underdeveloped masses of the earth will want to emulate. They will choose the Soviet rather than the American way of life. Furthermore, this economic superiority will enable the Soviet Union to wage full-scale economic war against the United States by taking away its foreign markets and tying the underdeveloped areas of the world to its economic and political system. Thus without firing a shot, the Soviet Union will triumph over the United States.

This total challenge, aimed not so much at our individual economic well-being as at our greatness as a nation, raises for all of us and, more particularly, for Congress the question of the viability of what we have come to regard as the American way of life in the economic sphere, that is, the competitive use, at home and abroad, of our resources and productivity primarily for purposes of private gain. This challenge is particularly acute in the field of foreign trade.

Ideally, foreign trade is carried on by private enterprise for the purpose of private gain. Actually, however, governments have time and again endeavored to use foreign aid as an instrument of national policy. The so-called dollar diplomacy is a case in point. It is not true, even though it is widely believed, that through it private enterprise gained the support of the government for its foreign commercial ventures. Quite to the contrary, it was predominantly the government which used private enterprise abroad for the purposes of United States foreign policy. Yet while today, in view of the Communist challenge, the need for such use has become overwhelming, the government, shackled by ancient shibboleths and parochial domestic interests, has not dared to develop a policy which would make foreign trade a potent instrument of American foreign policy, and these shibboleths and parochial interests have been powerfully supported by Congress. Traditionally, Congress had to be prodded by the Executive to face the issues of the day beneath the old labels and to subordinate parochial interests to the interests of the nation. Will Congress now be able to free itself from these shackles and give the nation an economic policy commensurate with its needs? In the absence of executive leadership and pressure, it can do so only if it develops out of its own membership a group of leaders with the vision, skill and courage to persuade devotees of an outworn economic philosophy and representatives of parochial interests to support a veritable revolution in the relations between the government and the economic sphere.

PRIVATE TRADE, PUBLIC INTEREST

If Congress should rise to the occasion, it would have to ask itself not only whether the United States can still afford to have its foreign trade carried on exclusively by private enterprise for private gain and have the government intervene by and large only for the purpose of maximizing exports and protecting the domestic producer against foreign competition. But it would also have to raise the much more fundamental issue of whether, in view of the total challenge of the Soviet Union marshalling all its economic resources to one end, the United States can still afford the enormous wastefulness of its economic production, distribution and consumption. Can it still afford its government-stimulated and paid-for agricultural over-production? Can it still afford the artificially induced annual obsolescence of its hard consumer

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goods? Can it still afford the production of scores of slightly different models of essentially the same merchandise, production which serves no economic need but only the whim of the producer and consumer? What about a system of distribution which has in good measure become an end in itself, a ritual performing no valid economic function and being in some of its advertising manifestations hardly more than a respectable racket? And what about the consumer who had been conditioned not to use what the economy has produced for him until it can no longer be used, but to throw it away and tear it down when it is no longer as new as it is supposed to be? Finally, can we still afford the luxury of thinking about our economic problems in the obsolete terms of socialism *vs.* capitalism, spending *vs.* saving instead of facing the real issue: expansion *vs.* stagnation?

To these absurdities the government could remain indifferent, or it could even allow itself to promote them, as long as, economically speaking, the United States was, as it were, alone in the world. The United States could then play havoc with its economic resources and still remain a great and powerful nation. Yet with the Soviet Union using its economic resources as a sword aimed at America's greatness and with our whole economic life having thus become, to use a legal phrase, "affected with the public interest," how can our government remain indifferent to the rate of growth of our economy having fallen behind that of the Soviet Union, to the misproportion between the resources available for advertising and for atomic submarines, to our policy of foreign trade defeating in good measure the purposes of our foreign policy? If the government cannot remain indifferent to the political and military consequences of our economic policies, it must devise a comprehensive economic policy of its own which establishes the paramountcy of the public interest over private gain and convenience. With the leadership of the Executive Branch in abeyance, the 86th Congress faces here a formidable task of innovation.

Even if it had the benefit of strong Presidential leadership, the Executive Branch would be ill-equipped to perform such a task. For the Executive Branch of the American Government has become a cumbersome, slow-moving instrument of government which, *short of being faced with disaster actual or impending*, is incapable of swift, decisive action and radical innovation. It has become government by committee. Two facts—one structural, the other historic—are responsible for this development. The Constitution has created a gap between the President, on the one hand, and the subordinate executive agents and agencies on the other. The Constitution confers upon the President the fullness of executive powers and conceives of the other members of the Executive Branch as his advisers and the executors of his will. According to the Constitution, the President is head of state, Prime Minister, and the Cabinet in the British sense at the same time. In actual practice, the President has had, of course, to delegate many of his constitutional powers. Yet even the most influential member of the Executive Branch, as the least influential one, derives his powers from the fullness of the President's executive powers. Thus, with the exception of the administrative agencies created by special acts of Congress, the Executive Branch is nothing but an elaboration and proliferation of the President's powers, lacking in that intermediate range of autonomous executive agents through which other constitutional systems have managed to assure responsible executive action.

THIS gap, created by the lack of a constitutionally provided executive hierarchy, we have filled by the extraordinary device of the committee system. The President delegates some of his executive functions to Agency A, others to Agency B, and others to Agency C, and so forth a couple of times through the whole alphabet. Not subject to effective control by either the President or an autonomous agent below the President, these agencies tend to develop into semi-autonomous fiefdoms with vested interests of their own, which they jealously guard and ambitiously try to expand. Yet while these agencies are in their day-to-day operations probably less subject to central control than, say, a British Ministry, they are devoid of the power of independent political decision, especially in so far as a decision, as the important ones generally do, impinges upon the interests of another agency.

With the President far away, functionally always and physically often, with no intermediate body, such as the Cabinet, having the power of decision, and with the business of government having to go on, the agency which wants to initiate a new policy must either seek the agreement of the other agencies concerned, or else it must do nothing. The latter is by far the safer and more convenient course; hence, the propensity of our government to continue policies long after they have outlived their usefulness and even when they have become self-defeating. For the agency which insists upon a new policy must go to war with other agencies, allying itself with some, competing with others, and fighting others still. This struggle for power is brought to a halt by a peace treaty or, more often, an armistice agreement, issuing from a conference called an interdepartmental committee and being at worst an empty formula glossing over rather than settling the issue and at best a compromise among divergent views to be approved by the President. The new policy being the labored product of a faceless collectivity rather than due to the decision of one man, nobody in particular can be held to account for its results, and being a compromise, its decisiveness is likely to fall victim to the cross-purposes and divergent interpretations of the different agencies having a hand in its formulation and execution. Thus if it is not stillborn, it is likely to come into the world with a weak brain and a mutilated body.

This system of government puts a premium on inaction and on the mechanical continuation of safe routines. The

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best it can achieve is a hesitant half-step forward, with one agency pushing and the other pulling back, taken after months of intrigue, bickering and bargaining. There may have been times when we could afford this kind of government. The times in which we live require swift, decisive, coordinated action, instantaneous responses to sudden challenges. In terms of a single act, especially of a military nature, the President has proved himself capable of such a response. In terms of sustained policies, our system of government has proved itself incapable of it. As long as this system persists, whatever novel policies Congress might demand and be willing to support are likely to be delayed, corroded and obstructed by that jungle of impersonal committee government. In the field of the arms race, the superior speed with which the Soviet Union has been able to transform basic science into technological application and the prototype into the operational weapon is obvious and menacing. The superior decisiveness with which it has been able to take the political and economic initiative is less obvious but no less menacing. The 86th Congress will be little more than an ineffectual bystander in the realm of great policy if it does not restore individual initiative, personal responsibility and coordination. Without that restoration, Congress, proposing new policies to the Executive Branch, will be like a man on the platform of a subway station during rush hour suggesting to his friend wedged in the crowd of a local that he ought to take an express; the friend may be grateful for the suggestion, which, however, will do him no good if he isn't first helped out of the jam. Thus the reform of the machinery of government, in view of its ability to act decisively, responsibly and in concert, is another urgent task of the 86th Congress.

CONGRESSIONAL INITIATIVE

SHOULD and will the 86th Congress assume these tasks, and can it perform them? There can be no doubt that Congressional government is a poor way of governing a great nation in the most perilous period of its history. Both the spirit of the Constitution and political experience militate against it. Presidential government is vastly superior to it; the Constitution assumes that superiority, and political experience bears the Constitution out. I have myself time and again pointed to this superiority and called upon the last two Presidents to assume the kind of leadership which only they could have given. However, we must come to terms not with a Constitutional proposition or a political lesson derived from the past, but with the political conditions of the day. We have to choose, alas, not between Presidential and Congressional government, but between Congressional government and no effective goverment at all.

Will Congress make the choice which the situation demands? There is among the leaders of Congress a respectable hesitancy to take a firm hold of the reins of government which, in view of Constitutional principle and political experience, should be in other hands. There is among the leaders of Congress also a less respectable hesitancy which stems from that misunderstanding of the nature of bipartisanship and of the role of the opposition in a democracy, which we have discussed in these pages before. The watchword of that hesitancy is "moderation." Congressional moderation is indeed a political virtue if it acts as a counterweight and restraint upon the lack of moderation of one or the other branches of the government. Similarly, Presidential or judicial moderation must from time to time counteract the policies of a Congress lacking in moderation. This mutual restraint is a necessary element in the political mechanics of our system of checks and balances. Moderation in Congress, then, presupposes lack of moderation elsewhere. But where the Executive Branch is already moderate to a fault, Congressional moderation can only compound the evils of executive inaction and indecisiveness. In the presence of these evils, it is the task of Congress to push not to hold back, to lead not to follow, to go ahead not to stand still. Only thus will Congress restore the political balance which the lapse of effective executive government has impaired and upon which the American system of government rests.

Can the 86th Congress perform this task of leadership if it should be willing to assume it? It would be rash to deny that the odds, on organizational and political grounds, argue against the possibility of success. Yet in the absence of strong executive government, Congress has governed before; it is true, as Woodrow Wilson has shown, it has done so ineffectually, pettily, and on occasion unworthily. But it was then not faced with a supreme challenge to the greatness and the survival of the nation, which either it will meet or nobody will, and it could not draw then upon the abundance of fresh and exceptional talent which is the great asset of the 86th Congress; nor did the people then expect its leadership. Congress has never had the opportunity of proving itself, supported by a popular mandate, with such an asset against such a challenge. Thus we can find hope, and the 86th Congress can find confidence, in the words which Demosthenes addressed in the *Third Philippic* under similar circumstances to the Athenians, however in vain:

> The worst feature of the past is our best hope for the future. What, then, is that feature? It is that your affairs go wrong because you neglect every duty, great or small; since, surely, if they were in this plight in spite of your doing all that was required, there would not be even a hope of improvement. But in fact it is your indifference and carelessness that Philip has conquered; your city he has not conquered. Nor have *you* been defeated—no! you have not even made a move.

By the quality of that move, history will judge the 86th Congress.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Alsop's Fables for Our Terrible Time

by Patrick O'Donovan

IF these instructions for reporters are ever observed, there are great changes coming in Washington. Reporters will be well-, even richly-dressed sophisticates who dine often and fastidiously in the company of officials selected for their wisdom and wit and for the fact that they were all at school together. Press conferences will be left to agency men who need not conform to the new dispensation. The conferences will be visited only occasionally by an exquisite dropping in to see how the old boy is making out these days. Officials who do not speak up, clearly and frankly, in a mood of total recall, will be admonished from the other side of their desks in terms proper from headmasters to nasty little boys. If they persist, they will be destroyed by opinion.

The Reporter's Trade, by Joseph and Stewart Alsop (Reynal; $5).

Reporters will travel a great deal all over the world and will know the people who really count. They will make beelines for British Embassies. They will maintain themselves at the peak of fitness, if only to be able to disconcert staff officers in the jungles of Malaya. They should be willing to forego, every now and again, the friendship of Secretaries of State in their search for truth. They should see themselves as champions, crusaders and as representatives of a marvelous but abused electorate. They should be quite single minded and doubtless, if they all do it, their newspaper will read like an incoherent *Pravda.*

But this exhilarating book is not really about the reporter's trade. It is the highly individual testament of a pair who together have composed one of the best pamphleteers of our time. It is also a graceful monument—like one of those proud follies at the bottom of a gentleman's park—to a twelve year partnership that has only recently been dissolved.

Three quarters of the book is made up of their columns. If these are reporting, they can, of their nature, be little more than snapshots; they cannot be the grand definitive portrait in depth. Reporters do not write history. They do not even really provide the raw material for history. If they tried conscientiously to provide that, they would remain struck silent for fear of inaccuracy and oversimplification and corruption by involvement.

What these remarkable pieces do present is a record of a contemporary attitude and some footnotes to history. They are a warning, which the writers do not expect to be heeded, of what is to come. They are written as Jeremiah wrote and the writers seem quite as certain of their premises. They are invaluable records for the contemporary writer and student who can't or won't do his own original research. They are a stimulating delight for the person who finds in American politics a subtle and inexhaustible art, fascinating, almost as an end in itself and as one of the most complex and subtle expressions of a human society in action. It is also the account of the Odyssey of the Alsops which is no dull tale in itself.

The first quarter of the book, however, is something else. It is devoted to a sustained essay on Washington and the world and what it means and how it should be regarded. It is deathly proud.

There is first the writers' pride in themselves. They quite frankly parade their triumphs. It is a little preoccupied with their cupboard full of scalps which reporters call exclusives. They have a musty air. Here an old triumph that was accorded Dr. Ralph Lapp is carefully removed and restored to its proper cupboard in the Alsop household. There the Alsops compare their coverage of the Korean War rather favorably with that of *The London Times,* "from the moment poor Ian Morrison was killed."

It is laced with contempt—that "silly little Secretary of War." There is social exclusiveness. There is a reprimand for colleagues more interested in the fate of Sherman Adams than in following the Alsop lead. At first one is offended by all this intellectual and, it must be admitted, class arrogance in print. And then, at least to a British reporter, comes a sort of naughty delight in so swinging a counter-attack.

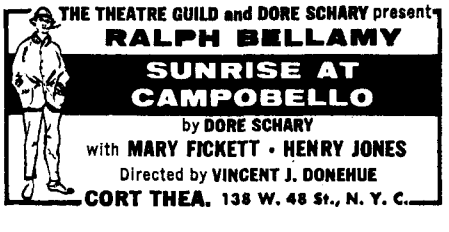
This, one says, is the stuff to give them. This is what we would all be. This is the reporter's night fantasy turned, almost, into reality. How the mighty are cut down. Admiral Strauss, Charles Wilson, Louis Johnson, George Humphrey —step over their bodies and mind the blood on your new shoes. And, of course, a pat on the head and the back of your hand to Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles.

The pride goes over into a colossal claim for the purpose of the Press. "Tell the people the truth about their situation, and people will respond to any challenge that the truth offers. That is the fundamental rule of democratic society. If you do not believe it, you do not believe in democracy. And it is the reporter's job to see that the truth is told."

It seems almost to usurp, in its absoluteness, the functions of elected representatives. It seems to suggest a perpetual struggle between government and people. It is as high a claim as a journalist can make. And it seems to cry out for some qualification that it never gets.

The claim is partly made on the old grounds that the American press plays the role of question time in the British House of Commons. Yet Ministers of the Crown are often less candid, reports of their replies are limited in the press and the British press makes no such claim as their American colleagues. And yet the British electorate seems as well informed. The analogy can be carried too far.

THE ALSOPS claim almost total access to information; 99 percent, they say, of all information should be available and that includes defense information. They seem to be calling for a press rule as insistent and uncontrollable as mob rule, and without the limited ad-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vantage that a mob's feet grow tired and they must get back for supper. Every serious reporter, in effect, is to have the resources of a secretary of the National Security Council. The alternative is ruin: " . . . The glory will dim, the aim will be lost, the system itself will fail, if we do not soon again remember what makes our system work—if we do not soon see to it that the people know, at all times and in entire detail, exactly where they stand."

It is the truth, then, that sets you free. But are there not still times when a measure of reticence may be a brave public service?

I sometimes think the regular Press Conference one of the heaviest liabilities upon American diplomacy. The Secretary of State is pressed — and willingly he complies. Each step in policy is set down in public and explained and defended and frozen as final by brilliant exegesis. In a long drawn out negotiation with China for example, the solemn declaration of the Secretary can be reduced to a tactical weapon. There is room for moderation in these things. And in a democracy, part of the process is to choose men who can be trusted to be reticent when necessary. If this is not done, then wild garrulity will not save the State.

Of course, all journalists will press for secrets to provide them with "exclusives" and to help fulfill their function. It is part of the necessary tension of government. But if one is to be critical of the role played by the American press, then a stranger might well find the reason for handwriting elsewhere, not in a famine of facts, but in a horror or distaste for speculation and comment.

The gap seems to lie around the weekly and monthly journals of opinion, where new, bad, bold, wild, old and angry ideas are in theory fought out. Such magazines do exist here (let us not specify them), but none of them subsist on revenue; they tend to preach to the converted; their influence is limited and their role in fashioning policy, murdering nonsense and elevating the truth, whatever that may be, is a tragically small one. The trouble is that the alternatives do not get ventilated. And what ventilation there is reaches only a corner of the room, even of the room at the top of the stairs.

This ventilation, this public ratiocination, is precisely what the Alsops and others of their sort are doing. These are the *feuilletonists*, the final luxury of a democracy, free to preach and to bash. Their anger is valuable. Their arrogance an asset. Even their exaggerations are purgative. It would be madness to meet all their demands. In simply making them, in maintaining the tension within the state, they fulfill their function.

This is a tendentious book. It is also entertaining, written with erudition and elegance. It overstates a case. It can be faulted in detail. (The "Man in the Tower" was not hanged for treason. Captain Baillie Stewart was his name and when last heard of he was living in Ireland). But all that does not matter. Somewhere they write, "We like a fight." That is a proper attitude for a journalist who must always be at war with government, but God forbid they should ever totally win this unending war.

Next Week

How 1958 looked
to
Herblock
and
Bill Mauldin

Teachers in the McCarthy Era

by Donald Meyer

EARLY in 1954, Robert Maynard Hutchins, head of the Fund for the Republic, voiced fears that the spirit of the teaching profession was being crushed. But was it? Late in 1954 the Fund decided to find out, and sponsored the research now distilled in this fat book. I do not know how much money the Fund disbursed, but the general order of things is clear. In addition to themselves, the authors refer to thirteen persons as "the backbone of the project's full-time staff," to two advisory committees, and to seven other expert assistants, plus the usual clutch of scholarly kibitzers. The project ran for three years. Elmo Roper Associates and the National Opinion Research Center supplied 212 interviewers for the period of interviewing in 1955. Clearly, a big-time enterprise.

The Academic Mind, by Paul Lazarsfeld and Wagner Thielens, Jr. (Free Press; $7.50).

Following a questionnaire that runs to 25 pages in the book, the 212 interviewers talked to 2,451 faculty members of 165 colleges and universities across the country. All were social scientists (granting that the 681 historians would accept such classification), chosen on the assumption that they were more likely to be dealing with controversial issues in their teaching than, say, chemists or classicists. Naturally, social scientists and academic men generally ought to find narcissistic pleasure in the book—which is all to the good: academic men ought to know more about themselves.

What are the findings? Apparently, things were not as bad as Mr. Hutchins feared. The "difficult years"—1948-1954, roughly—exacted a toll in "patterns of caution" widespread among teachers, but did not demoralize them. Indeed, beneath the surface of the struggle the authors found a breed of intellectually "permissive" men accustomed to airing controversy. These were precisely the teachers made most apprehensive by McCarthyism, and so, it was almost in proportion to apprehension that "activism" continued to flourish. Heads were bloodied but unbowed.

This is in the large. The best of the book lies in details. Lazarsfeld—a leader in public opinion research—and Thielens, his colleague at Columbia, wisely decided to sample colleges as well as teachers. Whole provinces of American higher education lie hidden behind the prominences of the great old private schools and the great new public ones. Who really knows the atmosphere of small Southern colleges, small Catholic colleges, municipal teachers colleges and municipal universities? In many of these McCarthyism had no effect at all—because academic freedom had hardly existed at all. In contrast, on the echelon just above, McCarthyism had overwhelming effect, because the young

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shoots of academic freedom had no protection. But the key fact about these minor leagues of higher education was that they faced relatively few attacks in the first place. The center of struggle was elsewhere—in the great schools, private and public, above all the great state universities, the prime symbols of the ideal that American education shall be both democratic and good. On the basis of discriminations like this, rendered always in percentages drawn from the questionnaire, the authors are able to pinpoint the real inner logic of the McCarthyite drive on professors: "what was really under attack was the quality of American college education." That is, McCarthyism was indeed a thing of resentful men.

If the report seems better than it might conceivably have been, it is by no means reassuring. For the most part, its disturbing implications concern questions the authors did not ask. Quite naturally, they want the academic to be what he should be, something of a dangerous man, and the university to thrive as it should, in various kinds of tension with the community.

But the research here does not measure the reality of these ideals. Is it not clear that the "difficult years" were merely a symptom of deeper threats to these ideals? Is it not possible that there are inhibitions working on academic men worth knowing about, much more basic, more built-in, than McCarthyism ever was? In fact, is it not possible that McCarthyism, by provoking some short-run morale, helped disguise the long-range problems of academic freedom? It is easy to feel that this elaborate research, by neglecting such possibilities, accepted too narrow a focus.

The book does strongly imply what many academic men felt at the time, that professors were badly prepared, not only legally and organizationally but psychologically, to defend—and even define—their aims and rights. Are they better prepared today? Did they simply survive, or did they emerge from their ordeal full of strategic wisdom? We learn what they felt; what did they learn? Again, it might seem that the resources of this project might have encouraged its directors to widen their scope.

But the book is not only a report on findings. It is also a demonstration of method—the method of one sort of social science research. Everything is quantified. Not that the statistics are highflown: the authors stick to simple percentages. Still, this is enough to allow them a running commentary on how and what they can demonstrate by their method that is convincing and fascinating. And to lend everything a final gloss of awareness, the authors had David Riesman check their method, by interviewing a sample of the professors who had been interviewed about their interviews, as well as a sample of the interviewers themselves. Riesman's hundred pages are a marvelous example of a tactic in which he has already proved himself a master—thought redoubling back upon itself, mirrors opposed to mirrors, the speaker observing the speaker speaking with all the impossible but evocative intricacy that one finds in that state of endless feedback.

So much said, it is possible to wonder if the concern for method has not exacted its toll. Maybe the big project, with its group meetings, its consultants, its thirsty machines, and its financially prescribed time schedules, exhibits a sociology of its own, coiling back on itself, constricting the full range of imaginative inquiry to what can be cinched up snug and taut.

Perhaps a more generous sense of the issues facing academic men in their years of crisis could not have been explored in tables and percentages. I am not at all sure this is so. In any case, this is not really a study of the academic "mind." It is a study of certain feelings and attitudes. Their relations to "mind," or to styles of men, are left undiscussed. I do not mean to quibble about the choice of a rather sweeping title for a sharply delimited study, except as the sweep of the title may suggest a sweep in the book that is not there. Not enough questions were asked. Maybe the precision of social science method can be extended only as it inspires more questions than at any given time can be precisely answered.

After Christmas

by Richmond Lattimore

Now, as the stripped tree lying in the corner, the tinsel
globes and stars packed in the box, and the pretty paper
piled at the top of the cellar steps remind us

that the child and shepherds are put to work, and the philosophers gone back
where they came from, now, morose, too late as usual, let us
reconsider what growths may be coming to bud behind those winter

roses and steels, those cold gray masses that huddle our sunsets.
Yeats and Auden, sages among us, restive and sensitive flared
their nostrils to some taint of death in the wind blowing

over Bethlehem, and the skies set for our re-enactment
glowed with such a wrong star as to confuse warm disavowal
that the beauty born under the year's heart might be somewhat monstrous.

Can worse than iron be muttering at the thunder colored
edges of east? Have the peculiar priests, the scholarly murderers
dreamed up some new swallow-all and lemming-dive of destruction?

Let the language of poetry for once square off, try to
face the pragmatical and preposterous pig, which Berkeley's
shining tissue of intellect could no more make disappear

than wishing will build us walls for our children. Still what the world needs
most is philosophy, ever since the mythical magi
saddled from the manger and rode back into the cold desert.

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A South African Christian

by Robert E. Fitch

O Lord, help us who roam about. Help us who have been placed in Africa and have no dwelling place of our own. Give us back a dwelling place. O God, all power is yours in Heaven and Earth. Amen. A PRAYER OF THE HEROES.

THE MEANING of the man who is Michael Scott is indicated in the two pages of the introduction to his book. Here we have the mystical feeling for the sublime in nature, the sense for the poetry of the plain and the humble, and the deep compassion for a suffering humanity. And along with the swift leap of intuition there is the suggestion of a kind of incoherence on the side of formal logic.

A Time To Speak, by Michael Scott (Doubleday; $4.50).

The jerkiness and the incoherence are a part of his book. The story goes at an uneven gait — sometimes swift and strong, and sometimes allowing leisure for love, pausing here and there for a disquisition on sociology, and perhaps polishing that off with a bit of a sermon or a prayer, and coming at last to no dramatic climax but to an appendix of fifteen items. This is what we might expect of a story which, as the author tells us, "has no beginning and no ending." Though when he informs us that he is indebted to others for pruning it, and piecing it together, and making it "more connected and readable," we may wonder what the first draft was like.

The same lack of proportion and of firmness is reflected in the man's philosophy—in case you think he ought to have a philosophy. Michael Scott is a man of faith, an Anglican priest, for whom the incarnation of Christ is primarily a claim upon his own life. But it is baffling to watch him move back and forth from the Bhagavad Gita to Lewis Mumford's *Culture of Cities*, from the Dhammapada to Marx to Gerald Heard to the Fourth Gospel. As for Communism, he was at various times a fellow-traveler, then a courier, then an organizer for it. Yet he distrusted from the start its ruthlessness, was at once insubordinate to its intolerance of the free mind, and gave it up at last when he saw that it would not let him and others be human beings. But if so, what does he mean when, in the freshly written introduction, he speaks of a debate at the United Nations as "a debate between East and West, as the controversy between capitalism and Communism has come to be known"?

Like his book and like his philosophy, the first part of his life is a sort of series in hop, skip and jump. Yet if the exercise appears to be wayward, those moments when Michael Scott alights can be illuminated with brilliant flashes of insight. It is the poet, the artist, the lover of humanity who speaks then. I am still haunted by his portrait of the scarred and desperate members of the leper colony. I can still see that scene where a sudden tropical downpour comes after a long period of drought, and there is a naked savage on a mound leaping and shouting into the wind and the rain in exultation. Nor can I forget the time when the boy's beloved and athletic father was giving the children a ride in the wheelbarrow and unexpectedly spilled them out on the lawn as he fell down on his back; and everybody laughed and thought it was a big joke; and, when the children started to pull him up, he fell back again, as though he really couldn't sit up, and that made it funnier than ever. And so they kept on laughing until some grown-ups came out and carried Michael's father into the house.

In the fullness of time, however, the incoherence was to crystallize into coherence. The life of the wanderer would become fixed by a purpose as pure and as passionate, as firm and as indestructible as eternity. This took place when he decided to step into the circle. Already in this circle, near the town of Durban in South Africa, were some Indians passively resisting the effort to relegate them to ghettos. As the bully boys came on to beat up the passive resistors, they would not touch the Indian girls, nor would they touch Scott who was in his cassock, but they cursed him as "Coolie guts" and "Curry guts." Later on he was in jail with the Indians for "trespassing," and it was one of the Indian girls, a Moslem, who excused the bully boys because "It's not their fault, they don't know what they are doing."

Thereafter Michael Scott would always stand within the circle. And this doubtless was his answer to "the question" that he says always haunted him from boyhood—the question of God's apparent indifference to human suffering. The answer lay in the call of the incarnate and crucified Christ to share in his suffering and in the suffering of others, and to bring redemption through that suffering. This Christ, Michael Scott would learn, was no "White Man's Jesus." And one of the most powerful, because most simple and subdued, bits of writing in the book describes the nordic Jesus with blue eyes and the straw-colored beard that watches over the ample family of a big Boer farmer who, after explaining to Scott the humane logic of the *herrenvolk*, is rewarded on the spot by a fall of rain after a dry spell. "You see," he said, "the Lord is blessing us today."

WITH this circle defined by the Christ, Michael Scott would discover an assorted company. They might be the Negro inhabitants of the "Tobruk" shantytown, or the contract laborers in the Bethal district of the Transvaal, the terror-ridden natives of Basutoland, the more hopeful and progressive people of Bechuanaland, or the decimated but never defeated and always brave and magnanimous Heroes of South West Africa. The summons of the circle, moreover, might bring Scott to New York to the United Nations, or to London for the Africa Bureau. Eventually it would force him into exile from the very people who had first drawn him into that fellowship.

But Michael Scott had found a coherence for his life even though he could not quite get that coherence into a book or into a philosophy. It was not the sort of coherence that is spoken of by Aristotle in the logic or in the ethics. It was the coherence of a human spirit that is tempered and disciplined by the courage of compassion.

Notes on Contributors

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A Translator's Notes

by Boris Pasternak

This essay originally appeared in the issue of the Moscow monthly *Znamya* (*Banner*) for January, 1944 and has not been previously translated into English. The anthology of English poetry mentioned there has apparently not been published.

Of the translators mentioned in the text: Vasily A. Zhukovsky (1783-1852) broke into print with a rendering of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." He also translated Byron, Dryden, Campbell, Southey and Moore. Konstantin Balmont (1867-1943) left the Soviet Union soon after the revolution. His translation of Shelley, in three volumes, appeared under a Petersburg imprint in 1903-07.

LAST YEAR E. F. Knipovich, I. N. Rozanov and I made a report on the Anthology of English Poetry which was being compiled for the State Publishing House. The examination of it led us to some reflections which were far from new to us. Here they are.

People begin the compilation of foreign anthologies by collecting originals, and then look for the translations required. In this case the compiler, A. I. Startzev, chose the opposite method, taking as his point of departure the available versions. The basis of this collection is the existing supply of the best Russian translations made in the last century and a half, beginning with Zhukovsky, irrespective of whether these best manifestations of the Russian genius correspond to the best manifestations of the English genius.

Such a selection has incidentally confirmed our conviction of long standing. Translations are either meaningless or else they are more closely connected with the originals than is usually believed. Textual accord is too weak a bond to make the rendering serve a purpose. Such translations do not fulfill their promise. Their pale re-telling gives no idea of the chief aspect of the thing they undertake to reflect—its impact. To reach its goal, a translation must be bound to the original by a more real dependence. The relationship between the original and the translation must be one of base and derivative, stem and cutting. A translation must issue from an author who has been acted upon by the original long before he undertakes his work. It must be the fruit of the original and its historic consequence.

That is why imitations and borrowings, phenomena connected with the formation of a literary school and examples of foreign influences, introduce us into the world of European models more intimately than do their direct transposition. The collection mentioned above paints a picture of such influences. The anthology represents English poetry from the viewpoint of the forces that it has exerted upon us. This is most fully in accord with the very idea of translation, with its purpose.

In a sense, translations are impossible, because the chief fascination of a work of art lies in its being unique. How, then, can a translator duplicate it?

A translation is conceivable because, ideally, it, too, must be a work of art and, given a common text, exists on the same level as the original through its uniqueness. Translations are conceivable because, before our time, whole literatures translated each other for ages, and translations are not a means of getting acquainted with individual works, but a means of the age-old communion of cultures and peoples.

II

The possibilities of English metrics are inexhaustible. The brevity of the English word gives the widest scope to the English syllable. The succinctness of the English phrase is the pledge of its pithiness, and the pithiness guarantees its musical quality, for the music of language consists not in its sonority but in the relationship between sound and sense. In this respect English versification is to the highest degree musical.

Time was when we could not explain Pushkin's and Lermontov's youthful Anglomania by Byron's ideological influence alone. In their enthusiasm we always seemed to sense a reason which kept slipping away from us. Later on, when we acquired a modest acquaintance with Keats and Swinburne, the same enigma gave us pause. Their attraction in itself did not warrant the measure of our rapture. Behind their effect we fancied that we saw the same secret, recurring supplementary element. For a long time we attributed this to the enchantment of English speech itself and the advantages it offers to English lyrical form. We were mistaken. The mysterious supplement, which endows each English line with further enchantment, is the invisible presence of Shakespeare and his influence in a whole multitude of the most active and typical English turns and devices.

Quite recently the editors of the Anthology conceived the idea that the absence of translations from Shelley should prevent publication. To fill this gap the editors turned to Akhmatova, Zenkevich and me.

Despite the editors' stand, we continue to believe that the three volume translation by Balmont remains the Russian Shelley. In its day this work was a find, like Zhukovsky's discoveries. The neglect shown it rests upon a misunderstanding. The work on Shelley was the fruit of Balmont's youthful, creative years, when his fresh originality had not been vitiated by the watery artifices of his later period. It is a matter of regret that the later dethrones the early Balmont.

With extreme reluctance, anticipating no joy from the task, we applied ourselves to translating a poet who had always seemed to us remote and abstract. We were not mistaken, and failure befel us. This would not have happened if we had held to our former view of the great lyricist. In order to get in touch with him, even at the price of failure, it was necessary to look at him more closely. We arrived at an unexpected conception of him.

In the conjuror of elements and the singer of revolution, in the author of atheistic tracts, we discovered the forerunner and announcer of urbanist mysticism which later on was the very air that Russian and European symbolism breathed. As soon as we seemed to hear, in Shelley's apostrophes to clouds and the wind, the future voices of Blok, Verhaeren and Rilke, everything in him was clothed with flesh. Of course, we had translated him as a classic. This applies chiefly to the "Ode to the West Wind."

Translated from the Russian
by Avrahm Yarmolinsky

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MOVIES

The Doctored Dilemma

THE PRODUCER who attempts to adapt a Shaw play for films soon realizes, if he is perceptive, that it is impossible; he must allow Shaw to adapt the film-form to his play. For Shaw is a dramatist in the classical tradition: almost everything in his plays happens through the words. (Or, as actors say, "He must be played *on* the lines, not between them.") Now language is, if not the enemy, at least the burden, of the motion picture. In good pictures the words are good, but the picture does not rely on them in the way that Shaw or Shakespeare or Marlowe relies on them. Admittedly, in plays as well as films, one wants not a single word more than necessary; but language is central to the classical theatre, and to the film it is supplementary.

The Doctor's Dilemma (MGM).

It is therefore suicidal, for a Shaw film, to start by seeing how many words you can leave out. You must leave in as much as possible. Work for visual variety with camera angles, if you like, and divide acts so that parts of them are played in different places, but broadly speaking you must set out boldly to break the movie world's rules; you must make a filmed play, not a film, or you will end up with little of either. You cannot adapt a great dramatist's work to another form because if he was truly great, he has built the work into the form and vice versa. (How thoroughly Olivier's *Hamlet* film demonstrated this.) When you make your Shaw film, use the best camera crew and cutter you can get, but place your chief bet on Shaw. He can write better than the best cameraman can photograph.

The film of *The Doctor's Dilemma* makes almost all the elemental mistakes. It can be recommended guardedly because of some factors cited below, but Anatole de Grunwald, the producer and adapter, has committed the error of errors: he has tried to movie-ize the play. He has sliced the script to the bone and beyond; and because he has not condensed proportionately, he has distorted the story and theme. For what he has taken away of Shaw's play, he tries to compensate by giving us some shots of Harley Street, old motor-cars, a quarrel with a butcher, a Hampstead pawnshop. It is, mildly speaking, an unfair exchange.

I don't suggest that every word of the play should or could have been retained. I'm not shocked by, for instance, the moving of the Jennifer-Ridgeon scene at the end of Act III from the artist's studio to Ridgeon's house. But the general implication of this script is that if only poor old Shaw had had MGM around when he was writing this play, they could have shown him how to save time; and if only he could have written directly for films instead of the miserably limited theatre, he would himself have done things like bringing in the recovered Blenkinsop at the end and having the dead artist speak on the soundtrack to his wife.

When Shaw was himself on hand during the filming of *Pygmalion, Major Barbara* and *Caesar and Cleopatra*, he supplied extra material as a kind of lubrication to slide the camera from one place to another. De Grunwald lacked that advantage, and it must be admitted that, in his inserted scenes, he has at least had the courtesy to use no dialogue at all or to use lines lifted from other places in the play. But here again, in my view, he has erred; instead of trying to write Shaw scenes without Shaw, he should have plumped heavily for making the most of the Shaw scenes he had.

Yet even this maimed script could have been much more effective if it had been directed by someone who understands the Shaw style. Anthony Asquith, a competent film hand *per se*, does not. He was co-director with Leslie Howard of the fine *Pygmalion* film, but does not remember from it the close-ups and angles and inserts, or does one remember Howard's long warning to Eliza ending "The angels will weep for you," Wilfred Lawson's bardic dustman, Wendy Hiller turning on Higgins with her soft, heart-rending "Oh, you are a devil"? In other words, does one remember the film devices or the performing of Shaw?

Asquith has not had a good actor-director's collaboration this time. What he has done is to hire the best cast he could find and to say, in effect, "Look, chaps, I'm going to be terribly busy with camera set-ups. I'll just have to leave the lines to you." The result is that we see a number of good actors fending for themselves, as it were, with no sense of over-all scene structure and with much left unrealized in each of their parts. Felix Aylmer, who could have been a fine Paddy Cullen, is funeral-paced and sloughs off the crusty humor. Alastair Sim, though not a favorite of mine (he always has a faint air of the don sporting, the professor in the faculty-club play), could have been incisive as Walpole. John Robinson, who is equipped for Ridgeon, could have fulfilled the role as far as the adaptation allows. Only Robert Morley, perfectly cast as B.B. and knowledgeable about Shaw, gets considerable out of his part. Schutzmacher, whose flavor contributed so much to the play's world, has been completely deleted.

THE PLEASANT surprises of the film are Dirk Bogarde as Dubedat and Leslie Caron as Jennifer (here made Ginevra and a Breton). Bogarde achieves a lissomeness and a cool, diabolic honesty which I had not expected; and the adenoidal veil which has often come between his voice and us is rent by conviction here. He has been cheated of his grand climactic credo; the film, frightened of large poetic utterance, simply has him murmur "Michelangelo . . . Rembrandt . . . Velasquez" and another phrase or two, then he dies. He is thus also cheated of his wonderful dying line, reported by Walpole: "He wants to know is the newspaperman here." De Grunwald has corrected Shaw's lapse in characterization.

Miss Caron is by no means ideal for Jennifer; she is more a kitten than a young priestess. But she persuades us of her utter devotion to her husband as man and genius, and her playing of the death scene is irresistible. The script cheats her, too; she is robbed, along with Ridgeon, of the meat of Act V in which the doctor admits that he allowed her husband to die, she is touched by his candor and states her faith in her dead husband and his obedience to him through re-marriage. The script omits Ridgeon's reaction to the news of her re-marriage, the crucial line: "Then I have committed a purely disinterested murder"; and thus we are nicely protected from Shaw's truth.

Cecil Beaton, who understands Vic-

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torian-Edwardian costume so well, has little scope in this film, but he has clothed Miss Caron perfectly. She looks as if she had been dressed by her husband, a penniless artist who knows her good points and has roamed around the studio picking up a piece of cloth here, a shawl and hat there. The result is pure Yellow Book.

In sum, this film has moments of interest for those familiar with the play, but one must hope that those who don't know it will read it before going to the film. Although you will then pay a certain price in outrage, you can at least fill in the gaps for yourself.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

making Pasternak a "victim of the Cold War," next equates the Nobel Prize with the Stalin Prize, continues by noting that the award strengthened the hand of the reactionary wing of Soviet literary commissars, and concludes by casually suggesting that *Dr. Zhivago* is not much of a novel and hardly justifies the award.

Let us examine these points in turn:

First, the view that the West, acting through its agents on the Nobel selection committee, victimized Pasternak rests on an assumption about the function of the committee which Massingham never exposes, one which would make these worthy Swedes into combinations of international social workers and combat intelligence officers. Instead of awarding the prize for seeming literary merit, Massingham implies that the committee should investigate the possible political consequences of an award and avoid any benefactions which might get the recipients into trouble. Presumably, after a security clearance, a safe candidate would be named. Perhaps the process could be simplified by obtaining from each nation a list of those writers who would not be persecuted if designated Nobel laureates?

Moreover, to follow up the "perfect" analogy of Walter Lippmann and the Stalin Prize which Massingham seems to consider a real crusher, is it appropriate for the Nobel committee to get a crystal ball and try to estimate whether the "good" or the "bad" political forces in a nation will be strengthened by an award? Even the most highly trained Marxicologists of my acquaintance have never been notably successful at this game, but the important thing is that the game itself is irrelevant: the award is for literary accomplishment, not for supporting "objectively progressive historical forces." The Russians, not the Nobel Committee, have victimized Pasternak.

Second, to equate the Nobel and Stalin prizes is to assume precisely the matter that must be demonstrated, namely that both the West and the Soviets agree that art is a weapon and that the Nobel prizes are stockpiled in the Western Cold War arsenal. The fact that the Soviet scientists accepted their loot without official repercussions makes this view even more complex, for it requires a Talmudic differentiation between the political realm of literature and the non-political realm of science. Or perhaps one can take the more vulgar explanation that Soviet scientists are permitted to roll capitalist drunks while authors are held to a higher ethical standard?

Yet even on its own terms Massingham's equation does not hold up. Howard Fast and other Americans who have received Stalin Prizes have characteristically welcomed the distinction and accepted it as an honor; we have been exposed to some degrading instances of political persecution in recent American history, but nothing to match the tragedy of poor Pasternak asking mercy from an officially constituted lynch mob. Howard Fast's recantation came from the urgings of conscience, not from the pressure of the FBI or the American Legion.

Third, the suggestion that the award aided Mr. Surkov, "a fanatical Communist and the head of the Soviet Writers Union" and will probably destroy Pasternak's reputation within Russia injects a further refinement in Massingham's position. Now, in addition to worrying about "good" and "bad" political forces, the Nobel committee is supposed to anticipate both internal reactions in the Soviet Writers Union and the future state of Russian public opinion. Plato would not have demanded these qualifications from his guardians. Once again

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Massingham, who obviously shares the opinion that the award was "political," leads the chase away from the key point: that the award was *prima facie* for literary merit and that *no evidence has been adduced to the contrary.* He has taken the vigorous Soviet opposition to Pasternak's honor as proof that the prize was given for political purposes—a logical process on all fours with the arrest of a speaker for incitement to violence on the ground that hearers violently objected to his speech.

Finally, perhaps realizing that there is something missing from the logical structure of his argument, Massingham delivers the K.O.: Pasternak is not a first-rate author, so the award was patently not for literary merit. I have not read *Dr. Zhivago* and can enter no opinion whatsoever on the merits, but I can inquire when Massingham became an authority on the contemporary novel? Presumably the Swedish committee was composed of knowledgeable people, and knowledgeable critics in this country have endorsed its judgment with virtual unanimity, but with a wave of his wand Massingham banishes the whole lot of them to literary limbo. This is not to accept the bulk of critical opinion as necessarily infallible, nor do I believe that the Nobel committee speaks with the authority of God, but I am also convinced that some opinions are better than others because their authors have earned the right to be taken seriously.

JOHN P. ROCHE
Brandeis University

► *The Arab Refugees*

SIRS:

THE UN and its special Political Committee apparently are baffled on the question of the 900,000 Arab refugees now living in squalor and degradation in the Gaza strip, in Jordan, in Lebanon and in Syria. The same question of doubt and hesitation recurs each year when appropriations are in order for the UN Relief and Works Agency for these political refugees. The answer invariably is—"Let the other fellow do it."

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These refugees must be resettled. But who shall receive them? Little Israel cannot. She has taken in more than one million Jews from Arab lands, who fled because of persecution or fear. Israel is willing to take in a considerable number of relatives of those now residing in Israel by way of uniting families. It has already received some 60,000 of those victims. A goodly portion of the Arab refugees could go from the Arab lands and take the place of the Jews ousted therefrom. Other countries should be called upon to help. The US should lead the way. We have already set a precedent by accepting refugees from many countries — from Hungary, Greece, Germany, Holland, Indonesia and so forth.

I strongly suggest that President Eisenhower summon a conference in Washington and prevail upon enlightened members of the UN to receive a portion of these unfortunate people. The US might well blaze the trail by taking 25,000. England might well take some of these refugees. France could take others. Canada could absorb a fair number and the Republics of South America might well follow suit. Even Asiatic countries could do their bit. India, Siam, Malaya and the Philippines—all could take small numbers which, when added together, would grow into a good round sum.

Despite the present uneasy peace with her Arab neighbors, Israel recently stated that she is prepared to enter into a plan for these refugees "even before the achievement of a final peace settlement or the solution of other outstanding problems." Thus Israel is willing to join others in a refugee settlement even before the formal declaration of peace between her and the Arabs. Israel has also expressed a willingness to compensate these Palestinian refugees who deserted their homes during the Arab war against Israel in 1948. These are commendable and liberal concessions.

The US has a deep interest in solving the refugee problem because of the direct relationship of that problem with the economic and political stability of the Middle East. We cannot sweep this difficulty under the rug. It is high time procrastination, hesitancy and doubt come to an end.

EMANUEL CELLER
New York City

► *Campus Theology*

SIRS:

AMOS WILDER'S remarks on campus theology (*NR,* Dec. 15) force even those sympathetic to a revitalized Christianity to conclude that our academic communities are endangered by a new intellectual barbarism, a barbarism led by the academic theologians. Not even the normally petulant inter-departmental backbiting can account for the hackneyed, cliché ridden image of the scientist which Mr. Wilder attempts to perpetuate. The remark that scientists "are veritable innocents in the field of religion," that they "live in a different solar system" is sheer nonsense. Yes, Mr. Wilder, scientists too read Kierkegaard, Tillich, and this year's original sin devotée. What's more, they too can discourse on "leaps of faith," "grounds of being" and can even make ultimate commitments!

I have yet to meet, however, a theologian who had the slightest notion of what the Bohr theory of the hydrogen atom was, or who, on the other hand, would admit to being the least bit uncertain about the Heisenberg uncertainty principle.

One is tempted to lecture Mr. Wilder on the first principles of intellectual honesty, but it would probably not be worth the effort. It is no wonder that the scientist exhibits a certain nostalgia for the old brand of christian thinking. There *is,* after all, something rather provoking about a theologian's indulgence in the all too common casuistry which has marked the assault on mind in the modern world.

STEPHEN MICHAEL RITTENBERG
Department of Biochemistry
Columbia University

► *Keyserling-Schlesinger-Galbraith*

SIRS:

THE SERIES of articles featuring Keyserling-Schlesinger-Galbraith (*NR,* Oct. 27, Nov. 10, Nov. 17) not only were impressive for their intellectual content but for the plane on which these fine men conducted their differences. Leon Keyserling, as always, convinced me of the correctness of his assumptions and conclusions. My congratulations for making this rare treat available to those of us far removed from the center of things.

MARION BEERS HOWDEN
San Francisco, California

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